It was my hint to ſpeake, ſuch was my proceſſe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: theſe to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
Which euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure up my diſcourſe; which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcells ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely, I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſfull ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes;
She ſwore I faith twas ſtrange, twas paſsing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That heauen had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to;—
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,

De-

Deſtruction light on
Light on the man. C
Doe you perceiue in a
Where moſt you owe

Deſ. My noble fat
I doe perceiue here a
To you I am bound fo
My life and educatio
How to reſpect you,
I am hitherto your da
And ſo much duty as
To you, preferring y
So much I challenge,
Due to the Moore my

Bra. God bu'y, I h
Pleaſe it your Grace,
I had rather to adopt
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee t
Which but thou haſt
I would keepe from t
I am glad at ſoule, I h
For thy eſcape would
To hang clogs on em

Du. Let me ſpeak
Which as a greeſe or
Into your fauour.
When remedies are p
By ſeeing the worſt,
To mourne a miſchei
Is the next way to d
What cannot be pre
Patience her iniury a
The rob'd that ſmile
He robs himſelfe, tha

Bra. So let the T
We loſe it not ſo lon
He beares the ſenten

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBU